

FREEDOM PAMPHLETS,—No. 9.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

## ANARCHY ON TRIAL.

Being the speeches of GEORGE ETIEVANT (sentenced to five years imprisonment on a charge of stealing dynamite cartridges), JEAN GRAVE (sentenced to 2½ years for publishing his famous book *Société Mourant et l'Anarchie*), and CASERIO SANTO (who killed President Carnot), in 1894.

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1896.

This book is not the phantom, the semblance of a book. It is not a misdemeanor hidden under the cover of a book. It is a real book, accepted seriously by all who think and reflect, a book in the doctrinal sense, in the higher sense of the word. Its scientific style, that shuts it off from the vulgar, gives it a rather repellant form, and doubtless at the present hour it would repose learnedly upon the shelves of libraries or in the cupboards of *salvants* if the frenzied law of December 1893 had not gone, with its long claws, even into the past to seize it in order to satisfy its craving for persecution.

Here is what a contemporary thinks of it. This is an article by M. Clémenceau. It has this moment been passed to me. I borrow from it some lines which express my opinion.

M. Clémenceau is not suspected of Anarchy; he has no interest in its triumph; for if Anarchy triumphed it would suppress, at the same time as the landlords, the deputies, or those who wanted to become such.

"The law against the press," writes M. Clémenceau, "works to the great satisfaction of M. Raynal. It is now the turn of M. Jean Grave, guilty of having written a book entitled *La Société mourante et l'Anarchie* [Moribund Society and Anarchy]."

"I do not know M. Jean Grave. I only know what M. Octave Mirbeau has said of him in an article in the *Journal*. He is a working shoemaker, whose soul is moved, whose mind is opened, by the sight of misery and of human degeneracy.

"M. Jean Grave's book appeared more than a year ago. No one saw it then anything for prosecution. For a whole year it was exposed for sale in the windows of all our booksellers.

"The bomb epidemic supervenes. M. Raynal profits by the alarm of the deputies to make them vote in their fear for a reactionary political law, which cannot arrest the arm of any bomb thrower, but which will perhaps one day force some one of disordered mind into an act of criminal violence, out of hatred to a stupid repression.

"It is generally agreed that the laws have no retroactive power. M. Antonin Dubost does not stick at such trifles. M. Jean Grave, in writing his book two years ago, should have foreseen the reign of M. Casimir-Perier. The book is seized. M. Jean Grave is under arrest. He has already done a month of preventive imprisonment for a press offence. When there was a republican party, that alone would have aroused the most violent protestations.

"I have just read this book, and my opinion of the writer does not differ very sensibly from that of M. Mirbeau. The language is simple, clear and vigorous. The critical power is truly terrible. Let all who live on ready-made ideas, received from the crowd, refrain from opening such a book. It can only shock them violently, without striking any light in them, owing to the lack of suitable elements. For those, on the contrary, who think for themselves, who have ideas of their own, whatever they may be, who do not fear to subject their principles to the most searching criticism, the most radical revision, all their principles—their doctrines, all their doctrines—this book is good, for it creates thought.

No doubt his book contains some passages of a disconcerting violence,

which most men would refuse to write, not from fear of M. Raynal's laws, but because they are repugnant to their way of feeling and thinking. How can M. Jean Grave, a man of peaceful and tranquil temper, who lives as an ascetic, and who, it appears, has won the admiration of hardened bourgeois, indulge in observations unacceptable to the plain conscience of mankind? It is because a man capable of making the Cartesian *tabula rasa* of his mind, of freeing himself absolutely from all received ideas in order to make himself anew, runs the risk of losing in the immensity of his effort not only the prejudices, the false ideas with their accompanying sentiments, but also that portion of plain good sense, right reason, and human sentiment which our ancestors have unconsciously mingled with them.

"Twelve honest men are going to be asked to express their opinion on the case of M. Jean Grave. It is much to be feared that they have not read his book, and judge only by some extracts cleverly chosen. By such means there is no medical book that could not be condemned for indecency. Now, it is of social medicine the author has attempted to treat. I do not hold by all his therapeutics, but in our century there is no institution, no idea, but should be in a condition to face criticism, every criticism. In short, the intellectual hustling that we get from M. Jean Grave is wholesome for us, in that it tests our powers of resistance, and forces us to make sure of our opinions.

"If the jury read M. Grave's book from one end to the other they will doubtless censure it, but they will, at the same time, say to themselves that the slightest refutation will be more efficacious than months or years in prison."

I have quoted this article, Gentlemen, because it sums up well the universal sentiment, the impression of the genuine workers among the intellectual and the learned, whose opinion M. Mirbeau, M. Bernard, and M. Paul Adam have re-echoed to you.

Yet for this book the Attorney-General demands a merciless repression. He regrets he cannot demand a still more merciless one.

Why?

Looking, not from an Anarchist's point of view, not from my client's point of view, but from yours, gentlemen of the jury, from the bourgeois point of view, what harm has this book done?

What harm could it do?

The last edition—the only one prosecuted, the only one that can be prosecuted, since the other, the first, is secured by limitation—has been seized before being exposed for sale; it has therefore not been able to incite the soldier to mutiny, nor the worker to murder his employer, since it has not made its way into either barrack or workshop!

I repeat, the edition has been seized, with the exception of 200 copies devoted to the use of the press.

But these 200 copies, if they have incited any one, have incited only journalists. Now reassure yourselves, Gentlemen of the Jury! First of all, the journalists have but scant time for reading the publications sent them—they receive too many! Furthermore, if the journalists at times incite others, they are but little sensitive themselves to that kind of incitement; they are *blasés*!



Notwithstanding, the Attorney-General wants to make this book responsible for all the bombs that have exploded. He brings it before you as the cause of recent outrages. Let us consider. If the book is the cause of the outrage, the outrage will reflect the physiognomy of the book. Now the book is logical; the outrage is not: therefore, between the outrage and the book there exists nothing in common. If the book inspired the outrage, the outrage would select its victims: it would strike at the heart of society; it would hit at it through its governing classes, its exploiters, those who are in possession; for those are the persons that the book points out and brands. Now the outrage made no choice; it struck by chance, it blew up a one-eyed landlady of a hotel or a humble waiter. Therefore, the book has nothing to do with the matter; for the book condemns these useless hecatombs.

Up to this but one outrage has been logical—that of Vaillant. Vaillant's crime belongs to the category of political crimes like Fieschi's, like Orsini's. Fieschi aimed at a king; Orsini at an emperor; Vaillant aimed at parliament—a multiple emperor, a king with seven hundred and fifty heads.

But has M. Grave's book caused Vaillant's outrage?

Vaillant has quoted his masters to you, the authors who taught him. He has not quoted M. Grave. M. Grave is a young man, and the young men are never quoted; it is only the classics that are quoted.

What are these classics? Spencer, Proudhon, Rousseau, Voltaire! Behold the malefactors that, to be logical, you should bring into court, Mr. Attorney-General.

Now let us summon them to appear. Those of them that are dead have statues.

Summon these statues. Summon Voltaire's; his bronze smile will say much more to the jury than all my pleading!

Has M. Grave's book incited Léauthier?

Léauthier has read some of M. Grave's pamphlets, but "Moribund Society and Anarchy" is just the one he has not read!

Besides, it was easy to incite Léauthier! Among the reading which formed his daily entertainment the *Intransigent* figured; he says so in his examination. Now, M. Rochefort's paper is not an Anarchist journal. It is an excellent paper. I am forced to believe this, since M. Antonin Dubost, Keeper of the Seals and hierarchical superior of the Attorney-General, once saved it, he held it in such esteem!

Incitement is altogether relative! It is altogether subjective! It depends upon the brain which is subjected to it. According to your system, Mr. Attorney-General, there is not a page of polemics, or controversial article, but might be looked upon as an incitement. When I denounce the sharks connected with *La Haute Banque*, the

rascals of Finance who forget your addresses to the courts, I incite the people to curse them, to hate them. "Be logical therefore; drag me to the defendant's place, put me in the seat of the accused!"

The truth is that the book is not the cause of the bomb; but the bomb and the book are both products of an anterior and superior cause; and this cause is despair, the great disease of the century. Your Revolution promised happiness to the proletariat; the proletariat have been the victims of a gigantic swindle. The bourgeoisie stole, promising to share with them the outcome of the theft; the bourgeoisie have not kept their word; they kept for themselves all the fruits of their plunderings! Not only did they give nothing to the proletariat, they also found means to further despoil them: they have dried up the springs of resignation in their hearts.

The proletariat saw that to the nobility clad in silk, which formerly succeeded to the nobility clad in steel, had succeeded a third nobility, more merciless and still more oppressive than the other two; the nobility clad in gold!

Deceived and exasperated, the proletariat then uttered a great cry of anguish! This cry of anguish is ringing through all our literature.

It is Heinrich Heine who cries:—

"This old society has long since been judged and condemned. Let justice be done! Let this old world be broken in pieces . . . where innocence has perished, where egoism has prospered, where man is exploited by man! Let these whited sepulchres, full of lying and iniquity, be utterly destroyed."

It is Lamennais who curses:—

"We say that your society is not even a society, that it is not even the shadow of one, but an assemblage of beings that can be given no name: administered, manipulated, exploited at the will of your caprices, a warren, a flock, a herd of human cattle destined by you to glut your greed."

It is Victor Hugo who blasphemes:—

"What kind of society is it which is based upon inequality and injustice to such an extent as this? Would it not be well to take the whole thing by the four corners and fling pell-mell up to the ceiling the cloth, the feast and the orgy, the gluttony and the drunkenness and the guests; those who have their two elbows on the table, and those who are on all-fours under it, to spew the whole lot in God's face and to fling the whole world at heaven."

" . . . The Hell of the Poor makes the Paradise of the Rich."

Not only has happiness not come, but honor has fled.

Flaubert declares:—

"With the development of capitalistic production European public opinion has stripped off the last rag of conscience and modesty. Each nation glories cynically in all the infamy that goes to hasten the accumulation of capital."

The same Flaubert ruthlessly sums up the position of the modern world in these terms, which brand society and spit in its face:—



"We dance, not over a volcano, but upon the plank over a latrine which, to me, seems more than somewhat stale."

What would Flaubert have said to-day, after so much infamy, corruption and baseness?

What colors this master of style would have found upon his palette to paint his picture of shame and ignominy!

Here are the instigators of both book and bomb! They are the thinkers, philosophers, poets, who have described, who have sung, the despairs of our century. Now, let us be logical, Mr. Attorney-General. Let these men take their places in the Court of Assize, for M. Jean Grave has only repeated what they have said!

You know well that M. Jean Grave is not the guilty person. You know well that his book has not kindled the flames. But this Government imitates its predecessors. It profits by crime to assassinate Ideas.

Ideas! these are the eternal enemy of the men in possession. The possessors want to stay where they are: Ideas must go forward.

A dagger struck down the Duke de Berry: immediately the Restoration mounts the tribune and says to a weeping country: "The dagger which struck the Duke de Berry is a Liberal idea!"

A bomb explodes: immediately the third Republic ascends the same tribune and cries to a weeping country: "The bomb which has just exploded is an Anarchist idea!"

Then in the midst of the smoke of the bomb, which in our times takes the place of the lightnings from Mount Sinai, M. David Raynal passes a frightful law, which is nothing else but the resurrection of the old crime of inciting to the hatred and contempt of government. Only the formula is slightly modified: it is the crime of inciting to the hatred and contempt of the bourgeoisie!

Théophile Gautier was right: "What does it matter whether it be a sword, a holy-water sprinkler, or an umbrella, which rules us! It is always a stick!"

How logical your accusation is, Mr. Attorney-General. You charge M. Grave with having incited to theft! What then is this new crime? Has M. Grave instigated the pillage of your houses? No. You declare him incapable of thinking of another's wealth.

But M. Grave is an upholder of Communism: he wishes to abolish bourgeois property, he believes that its abolition is the mission of the next revolution; it is his doctrine—false perhaps—but a doctrine, after all, of which he is not the first teacher: Proudhon and many others thought of it before him.

This, however, is the crime with which you charge him! To dream of a society other than that which exists is to incite

robbery. It is to be a criminal! He is!"

Then you must put Jean Jacques Rousseau beside M. Jean Grave!

It would pain you to do that, Mr. Attorney-General? Jean Jacques Rousseau was the father of the Revolution of which you are the son; Jean Jacques Rousseau is therefore your grandfather; you see, I leave you in the family; don't be afraid, I shall always leave you there.

Jean Jacques Rousseau has said:

"The first man, having an enclosure, a plot of ground, who took into his head to say: 'This is mine,' was the real founder of civil society! What crimes, misery and horror would have been spared mankind if someone had pulled up the fences and filled in the ditches, crying out to his fellows: 'Beware of listening to this imposter; you are lost if you forget that the fruits of the earth belong to all and that the land belongs to no one person.'"

The irony of things! You indict in the Assize Court the man who, faithful to your principles, wants to overthrow the landmarks set up by the usurper denounced by Jean Jacques Rousseau! You reproach M. Grave with having said that the next Revolution will destroy the offices of your attorneys and notaries, that it will burn all the title-deeds of bourgeois property. You forget your Jacobin decrees, you forget your decrees of June 18th and 19th and of August 25th, ordering the title-deeds of the ruined world to be burned!

You forget the symbolic tumbrel, which carried to the Place de Grève the charters of the vanquished world, the bonfire that was lit and the dance of the crowd around that bonfire!

After that, if you are sincere, you are going to put Jean Grave in prison!

You wish to give Jean Grave five years in prison for having spoken ill of our native land and the army, for having incited the soldiers to mutiny, for having instigated the murder of an officer.

Here, again, the method of Mr. Attorney-General is to be distrusted; it is more murderous than Grave's prose. It consists always of searching through the three hundred pages of the book to find two lines which, taken by themselves, would go to hang a man. It consists in presenting to you as a reasoned-out system, as a cool syllogism, what is in reality the feverish cadence of a sentence that ends a chapter devoted to the native-land Idea!

Our native land! I am certainly above suspicion, Gentlemen of the Jury. I am one of those who venerate my country with all my heart; and in the domain of thought I have, by word and by pen, tried to defend it against those who do not desire it, who can no longer believe in it. But I am forced to acknowledge that brains greater than mine have treated it as a dangerous chimera and a maleficent Utopia.



"When I think," cries Tolstoi, "of all the evil I have seen and suffered, arising from national hatreds, I say to myself that it all rests on a clumsy lie—the love of one's country."

And Victor Hugo prophesies:—

"In the twentieth century, war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, hatred will be dead, the frontier will be dead: man will live!"

I do not plead this cause, gentlemen: I quote the great men who constitute themselves its advocates.

Do we then indeed defend our country against the suspicions of Thought? Instead of hunting down the writers who criticise it, shall we not do better to hunt down the swindlers who dishonor it?

Is it Victor Hugo, is it Tolstoi, is it Jean Grave—if his modesty will allow me to mention his with such great names—who at this moment are thrusting the Idea of Native-land into the gravest dangers?

Under the title of "*Les Sans-Patrie!*" (The Men without a country), my eloquent *confrère*, M. Viviani, the deputy, wrote yesterday a fine article. He denounced the *chief sharks of finance*—these are his own terms—who are about to flood the French market with the hundred millions of Italian stock that could not be sold either in Rome or Berlin.

The Stock Exchange is like those birds of prey that soil everything they touch. It degrades property, it befools our native-land!

Behold *les Sans-Patrie!* the men without a country who will transform the citizens of the whole world into *Sans-culottes* (the Un-breeched) in the literal sense of the word, for, as things are going, they will soon leave them without a pair of trousers.

And M. Viviani adds these lines, of which I leave him the responsibility, but which I have a right to reproduce as a document since he has given them publicity:—

"The Government leaves things done. It hunts down Socialists, slanders them in its press, dares to reproach them with not loving their country. But it protects the wretches who strip, exploit, betray their country!"

"Laws have been passed against associations of miscreants. When are they going to be applied?"

I am not pleading against Government, Gentlemen of the Jury,

I am not pleading for the Socialists; they have not asked me to do so. But I tell Mr. Attorney-General: we are all conjointly liable.

For, under color of hunting down Anarchy, you hunt down human thought.

To-day you pursue Jean Grave as an Anarchist, to-morrow you will pursue some Socialists under pretext that they border upon

Anarchy; the day after will come the turn of other thinkers, who are

neither Socialists nor Anarchists, but whom you will pursue because

they are free-thinkers, and you will not allow free-thinkers—you, the

free-thinkers of another kind!

You sit in judgment, you will end by oppressing; for the judgment seat is not a plane surface upon which you can stay motionless: it is an incline, and this incline is one that is never ascended—we descend it, we descend it until we arrive at tyranny.

Now, to complete your famous law of December 11, 1893, I look forward to an enactment that will define a criminal as follows: Every man who dares to think that all is not for the best in the best of Republics should be imprisoned as a criminal.

Very well! you may imprison me with the others, Mr. Attorney-General. Without espousing either the doctrine or theory of any one—that is not my business here—I take the liberty of saying to you: You defend property: then when will you hunt down the *chief sharks of Finance*? You defend our country: when will you hunt down the cosmopolitan octopus, whose hideous tentacles are wound round every nation and suck out all its blood?

I take the liberty of saying to you with my eloquent *confrère*, M. Viviani, the deputy: You have made laws against criminals, you apply them to the Anarchists of the humbler sort; when will you apply them to the anarchists of the higher class?

You apply them to the Anarchists of Thought; when will you apply them to the anarchists of the Stock Exchange?

You apply them to those whom you accuse of blowing up buildings; when will you apply them to those who blow up consciences?

Ah! certain bourgeois, who think of themselves as our native land incarnate, have strange ways of defending it—our native land!

And we are surprised when our native land is discredited, when writers, thinkers, tend more and more to confound it with the *State*—i.e. with that assemblage of casual laws and artificial conventions, which change every century or every half-century, preserving only their common characteristic of always oppressing the weak for the profit of a few big men, who in our time are only *big*, for they do not possess any longer even the extenuating feature of being *great*.

We are surprised when Jean Grave, who bears Tolstoi in mind, sees in our native-land only a hypocritical frontage masking the selfishness of a bourgeois State.

We are surprised that he cries:—

"It was the idea of the bourgeois to substitute the authority of the nation for that of Divine Right."

Before him, a man, who has not, that I know, been disturbed on account of Anarchist propaganda, the honorable M. Yves Guyot, had uttered the following reflexion:

"Faith in the State is a transformation of the religious Idea."



What would you have? The religious Idea is being transformed once more—and this is not yet at an end, Gentlemen who govern! You have killed God in order to make the State his successor. Your successors see that they are being made fools of, and in its turn they send the State to keep company with last year's snow!

It is only the first step of the necessary evolution. The further they go, the more will the people break loose from the State.

Chamfort, Mirabeau's friend, one of the soldiers of the French Revolution, has written:—

"A lucky instinct seems to say to the people: 'I am at war with all those who govern me, with those who aspire to govern me, even with those whom I myself have just elected.'"

The same Chamfort adds:—

"On seeing the brigandage of the men in office one is tempted to regard society as a wood full of robbers, of whom the most dangerous are the archers charged with guarding the rest."

Of course, you understand that the archers in Chamfort's mind are the police, no matter what uniform they may be tricked out in from the national wardrobe!

Thomas Paine, the illustrious member of the National Convention, author of *The Rights of Man*—another great ancestor, M. Attorney-General! for you may remark that I quote only irreproachable men, Members of the Convention, Girondins, members of the Constituent Assembly, XVIII century, philosophers! I keep you in the family; do not fear, you will stay there always—Thomas Paine thus completes Chamfort's thought:—

"Within the memory of man the trade of governing has always been monopolised by the most ignorant and the most rascally individuals of mankind."

You see, Gentlemen of the Jury, that we have not waited for either M. Elysée Reclus or M. Jean Grave to say that to the people. It is more than a hundred years ago since folks began to tell them this, and you see more than a hundred years later it is repeated to them.

The people are now convinced. They know now that all shades of politicians, whether clad in white, black, or red, will sing them the same anthem and will add a new chapter to the book of human lies, already such a long one.

They wish for no more of it. They are undeceived, not more so about one set than the other—about all, whatsoever they be called. What they abhor is politics, that bourgeois science invented to serve as a mask for bourgeois Parliamentarianism.

The worst of it is that the disrepute into which the State has fallen necessarily reflects upon the army.

In fact, in time of peace, the army seems like a sort of gigantic police-force at the service of the State; and the more the State seems to oppress, the more it breeds a dull hatred against the army, the instrument of its oppression.

These words are not mine. They are not M. Grave's. They are a charming poet's, the poet of the *Tour d'Ivoire*; they are M. Alfred de Vigny's:—

"The modern army, as soon as it ceases to be at war, becomes a sort of police force. It feels as if it were ashamed of itself, and knows neither what to do or what to desire."

The word "shame" tacked to the word "army." I know nothing more terrible nor more sacrilegious.

Is not the germ of every mutiny contained therein? You want to give M. Grave five years' imprisonment because if the soldiers had read his book it would have been able "to dissuade them from bowing under a brutalising discipline."

Will you prosecute the next edition of M. Renan's "*Souvenirs de jeunesse*," in which he relates that he should never have been able to submit himself to military discipline, and that if he had been compelled to become a soldier he would have deserted?

This passage is infinitely more dangerous, I assure you, than the one marked out in your indictment. For the prosecuted edition has not got into the barracks; you know that it has only reached the journalists. Whilst in the barracks the books of Renan are sometimes to be found; and the soldier who comes across the lines referred to, to whom eight days of unmerited imprisonment has been given, and who is dissatisfied with his captain, such a soldier will think: "See here! Why, M. Renan is a glory to mankind! The minister said that when unveiling his last bust, 'If a glory to mankind declares that he could not have submitted to the discipline and would have deserted to escape from it, why should not I imitate this glorious person?'"

The syllogism is of the best construction, and it might readily produce propaganda by deed, for it is easier for a soldier to desert than it is for him to smite his captain under the fifth rib.

Has M. Jean Grave ever told a soldier to smite his captain under the fifth rib?

He says, what is quite true, that to slay him or to strike him in the face would come to absolutely the same thing; for if the soldier slay he will be condemned to death, and if he strike him he will be equally so, according to the terms of the military code, which we are all unanimous in declaring to be somewhat excessive.

But let us once for all be done with this iniquitous method that consists of isolating a couple of lines from an entire book, in presenting as the



dominant note of a work what is only the feverish conclusion of a heated period.

If you want to find an incitement to the murder of the soldiers of the French army you should not seek it in Jean Grave; you must look further and higher.

Listen to this page; Victor Hugo is addressing the Belgians:—

"Peoples! There is but one people! If Bonaparte come, if Bonaparte invade you, having at his back . . . that army, . . . those regiments of which he has made into hordes, . . . those Pretorians, . . . those Janissaries, . . . who should have been heroes, but whom he has turned into brigands; if he come up on your frontiers, rush for your pitchforks, stones, scythes, for your ploughshares, take to your knives, take to your guns, take to your carbines; do all this!"

These hordes, these janissaries, these brigands were the French army! For if the French army is only respectable under the Republic, as we have been for three-quarters of a century under monarchy, we might have despised the French army three out of every four years.

Well, now, I ask you if political hatred, party hatred has been able to lead a great man to the pitch of crying out to foreigners: "Assassinate the French army!" what is there astonishing in the social indignation of a young polemical writer having blown to red heat some lines, which are indeed but tame beside the frightful incitement that issued from the lips of the great Victor Hugo!

You have forgiven Victor Hugo. You have placed him in the Pantheon, and you escorted him thither with those very soldiers of the French army, of whom he had formerly spoken as hordes and brigands!

And you want to condemn Grave to five years' imprisonment to save the honor of the army. . . .

Oh, the logic of your justice!

You want to condemn Grave to five years imprisonment also because, at the end of a chapter in which he recounts the barbarity of certain employers who ill-treat the human machine, who have a stone for a heart, dollars in place of bowels, he supposes that if the martyrs of shameless exploitation boldly killed one of those employers, the lesson, perhaps, would serve as an example to others!

The warmth of a thinker you tax with being a justification!

But why do you not prosecute all the other bursts of indignation?

Listen to these lines, M. Attorney-General; I take them from a paper which is not *La Révolte*; it is the journal of M. de Goncourt.

On January 13th 1871, he is surprised that the people, dying of hunger, remain quiet, when the bakers—he mentions one; I do not name him—are setting before the rich *white bread and rolls*, and the purveyors are getting game and poultry for them.

His surprise grows into irritation, exasperation, and in the end he cries:—

"When I read in Marat's paper the infuriated denunciations of the 'People's Orator' against the shopkeepers, I believed them to be the exaggerations of a madman. Now I see that Marat was in the right. For my part, I should see no harm if they hung up to their shop-fronts two or three of these greedy rogues . . . Maybe a few murders committed intelligently are, in revolutionary times, the only practical means of keeping the rising within reasonable bounds."

The incitement is a pretty one! The justification equally so!

And when the same De Goncourt thought of all those idle folk who live on the sweat of the people, he cried:—

"IT WOULD BE A GOOD RIDDANCE OF STUPID SWELLDOM AND ELEGANT IMBECILITY IF SOME FINE DAY AN INFERNAL MACHINE WOULD KILL ALL PARIS GOING ROUND THE LAKE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE BETWEEN FOUR AND SIX O'CLOCK!"

Does it or does it not incite to murder?

When it concerns De Goncourt you smile: that is Literature! When it relates to Grave you shudder: that is Anarchy!

Well, I tell you, I do not know what it is; but as for you, what you are doing is not Justice!

Now then, let us be frank! Tear away the veil!

They are neither the pleadings nor the incitements of a thought which you arraign before the Assize Court: it is Thought itself!

It is not because M. Grave has written imprudent or criminal words that the Attorney-General impeaches him before you. It is because M. Grave has formulated a scientific theory which is in contradiction to the Attorney-General's. Or, if you prefer, M. Grave's crime consists in the mere expression of his theory.

It is not a man whom you wish to imprison; it is an Idea.

The modern jury is asked to condemn a political system just as in the time of Louis XIV. Parliament or the Sorbonne was asked to condemn a treatise on indulgence or transubstantiation.

My comparison does not please you? Then I will change it. The modern jury is asked to condemn a system which lays claim to be that of the future, just as Parliament or the Sorbonne would have been asked to condemn those who set forth the principles of modern society a couple of centuries too soon.

The Attorney-General says to you: The theory which I indict, if it were realised, would abolish the bourgeoisie.

Precisely as the bourgeois system, by its realisation, has swept away the nobility.

Whenever one thing is put in the place of another, the first must be removed in order to put the second there.

The Parliament of olden times would undoubtedly have condemned the principles of modern society.



Can you imprison the principles which are put forward as those of future society?

I say, no.

Why?

Because, in passing sentence, the old Parliament would have been logical: its powers rested on right divine.

Whilst you, in passing sentence, would but belie yourselves: your powers rest on free investigation.

You are the sons of a Revolution which was effected just to make impossible the thing you are solicited to do to-day.

You can condemn a man; you can condemn a crime: you can no longer condemn an idea.

You can only discuss it and refute it, if that be possible.

Be calm, Gentlemen of the Jury, and do not make a monster of M. Grave's Idea. This Idea is not the monstrous fungus of which the Attorney-General spoke to you just now; that would be spawned without root in a *fin de siècle* delirium. It is not of recent growth; it is two hundred years old. Not only has M. Grave not enriched by his bombs the bourgeois martyrology, he has not even enriched by his book the intellectual repertory of mankind.

What then is M. Grave's Idea?

It may be summed up in two propositions: 1st, If man be bad, the fault may be imputed to the social apparatus: destroy this apparatus, man will become good; 2nd, To prevent this social apparatus being formed again, it is needful to totally eliminate the principle of authority.

The total elimination of the principle of authority and of institutions, the powers in which it is manifested; these are the means and the end of scientific Anarchy, the aim of which is the realisation of the common good by the suppression of competition and the harmonising of interests.

I am not discussing. I am not refuting. I am explaining.

Is this new?

Take Rabelais and read his description of the abbey of Thelema: No more government, no more constraint, individualism substituted everywhere for the collectivity; and above the gate, as principle, the sole law: *Do what you wish*—that is, Do as you ought; for man having, by hypothesis, become good, would find his will coincide with his duty.

Open Voltaire: His hero, Candide, visits Eldorado, the Eden dreamed of in the philosopher's mind. As in the abbey of Thelema; No laws, no constraint; harmony, happiness everywhere.

"Candide asked to see the Court of Justice, the Parliament; they told him they had none, and that they never went to law. He inquired if they had any prisons, and they told him, no."

This is the theory. It is a moral malady! cries the Attorney-General.

Ah! When a new idea rises up in the world, do not be so ready to cry: it is a moral malady!

What is occult science? It is unknown science. As soon as unknown science becomes known, it ceases to be occult to become official.

Formerly, Chemistry was called "Alchemy," and Alchemists were burned. Now-a-days, Alchemy has become Chemistry, and the Chemists are decorated.

It is with Sociology as with all the sciences.

Every idea, which is not consecrated, vulgarised, and become part of the impedimenta of our every day opinions, which conflicts with our customs and our education, seems monstrous.

We readily consider it as a moral malady, and we quickly make answer to those who propound it to us: "You are out of your mind!"

If someone had said to an old Roman senator: "Slavery is a disgrace, slavery must be abolished!" the old Roman senator would have replied: "Destroy slavery? You are an Anarchist! Slavery! Why, it is the basis of society! It is the basis of all society! There can be no society without slavery!" And with hand upon his code, the old senator would have defended slavery just as to-day, with hand upon his law books, the Attorney-General defends capital.

None of the institutions defended by the Attorney-General to-day but were formerly branded as moral maladies.

If any one had predicted the society of the Middle Ages to a man of ancient times, he would have replied: "You are a sick person!"

If any one had predicted modern society to a man of feudal times, he would have replied: "You are a sick person!"

St. Gregory of Nyssa, the immortal thinker of the IV. century—Gregory of Nyssa, was canonised, and he has been quoted by *La Révolte*; with this double recommendation, he cannot be very palatable to the Attorney-General; no matter, I shall borrow a few words from him. St. Gregory of Nyssa wrote these lines:

"He who would give the name of robbery or parricide to the iniquitous invention of interest, would not be very far from the truth. What, indeed, does it signify if you have made yourselves masters of the wealth of another by scaling walls or by killing passers-by, or if you have acquired what belongs to you by the merciless method of the loan?"

If any one had prophesied to St. Gregory as follows:

"A day will come when what thou treatest as robbery and assassination will become the law of the world, and when an attorney-general will indict in the Assize Court the writers who share thy opinion. The whole of society will be founded upon usury. They will build a temple which they will call 'THE STOCK EXCHANGE.' This temple will fill the place of thy cathedrals, even as thy cathedrals have filled the place of the temple of Venus or Jupiter. The priests serving in this new temple will be called Lévy, Artou, Reinach, Hugo Obern."



coarffer. They will swindle others out of gold that will assure to them omnipotence. They will buy everything that is buyable, and some of the things that are not. And vain revolts against their feignful empire will serve only to make more manifest its terrible solidity.

If any one had prophesied that to St. Gregory, St. Gregory, who believed in God, would have joined his hands and cried: "Lord, deliver us from such a moral malady!"

The malady has run its course. From time to time, to testify its evil virus, it has thrown out Panamas—those tertiary symptoms of a decomposing and dissolving body social; and every day the cancer increases that soon will corrupt us all!

Ah! do not hasten to say, This is a moral malady!

This, good or bad, this is human Thought.

Do not put Thought in prison.

It always escapes from it.

Do not kill Thought; it always comes alive again.

See! it has been hanged on every gibbet, it has been nailed to every pillory; it has lighted up all the gibbets with its rays, it has illuminated all the pillories with the fire of its haloes.

It has been decapitated, burned, tortured, crucified! Within walls, very similar to ours, magistrates, clad in the same purple and capped with headgear like the Attorney-General's, have crushed it beneath similar social thunderbolts in similar murderous periods, droned in similar inflections of voice, timed by similar see-saw gestures; for, in the midst of evolutions, revolutions, cataclysms, when all things change and when all things crash together, immovable human justice, everlastingly victorious on the eve and always vanquished on the morrow, keeps the same pose and the same physiognomy!

The *Conciergerie* for Thought is the ante-chamber of the *Pantheon*! And the magistrates cannot go out without passing the statue of one of their victims.

They believe they could stifle Thought, but the Thought flashes forth. Every day, at the corners of the crossways, in public places, the Etienne Dolets,\* crowned with immortelles, smile in the morning splendours that greet the awakening of Paris!

Let Thought run its course, gentlemen; do not stop it.

Defend yourselves; do not persecute.

Gentlemen, hear my last appeal; it cries to you from the depths of my mind, with all the energy of my faith and my youth; Jurymen of the end of this century, do not persecute!

\* Etienne Dolet, a celebrated French printer and man of letters, burnt as a heretic: 1540.

## CASERIO.

### WHY HE KILLED CARNOT

Gentlemen of the Jury,—I do not propose to make a defence, but only an explanation of my deed.

Since my early youth I began to learn that the present society is badly organised, so badly that every day many wretched men commit suicide, leaving wife and children in the most terrible distress.

Workers, by thousands, seek for work and cannot find it. Poor families beg for food, and shiver with cold; they suffer the greatest misery; the little ones ask their miserable mothers for food and the mothers cannot give them, because they have nothing. The few things which the home contained have already been sold or pawned. All they can do is to beg alms, and often they are arrested as vagabonds.

I went away from my native place because I was frequently moved to tears at seeing little girls of eight or ten years old obliged to work fifteen hours a day for the paltry pay of 20 centimes [not quite two pence]. Young women of eighteen or twenty years old also work fifteen hours a day for a mockery of remuneration. And that happens not only to my fellow-countrymen, but to all the workers, who sweat the whole day long for a crust of bread, while their labor produces wealth in abundance. The workers are obliged to live under the most wretched conditions, and their food consists of a little bread, a few spoonfuls of rice, and water; so that by the time they are thirty or forty years old they are exhausted, and go to die in the hospitals. Besides, in consequence of bad food and overwork, these unhappy creatures are, by hundreds, devoured by pellagra—a disease that, in my country, attacks, as the physicians say, those who are badly fed and lead a life of toil and privation.

I observed that there are a great many people who are hungry, and many children who suffer, whilst bread and clothes abound in the towns. I saw many and large shops full of clothing and woollen stuffs, and I saw also warehouses full of wheat and Indian corn, suitable for those who are in want. And, on the other hand, I saw thousands of people who do not work, who produce nothing and live on the labor of others; who spend every day thousands of francs for their amusement;



who debauch the daughters of the workers; who own dwellings of forty or fifty rooms, twenty or thirty horses, many servants; in a word, all the pleasures of life.

Alas! how much I suffered seeing this vile society so badly organised!

Many times I said to myself: "Those who amassed the first fortune are the cause of the present social inequalities."

When I was a child, I was taught to love my native land; but when I saw thousands of workers obliged to quit their country and leave their children and their parents in utter destitution I said to myself: The fatherland does not exist for the poor workers; our country is the whole world. Those who preach the love of country do so because they have in that country their personal interest, their well-being; as the bird defends its nest because it feels comfortable in it.

I believed in God; but when I saw so great an inequality between men, I acknowledged that it was not God who created man, but man who created God. And I discovered that those who want their property to be respected have an interest in preaching the existence of paradise and hell, and in keeping the people in ignorance.

On account of all this I became an Anarchist.

On the 1st of May, 1891, when the workers of the whole world demanded a holiday, the governments republican as well as monarchical, answered with rifles and prisons; many workers were killed or wounded, and many more of them were sent to prison.

Since that year I have been an Anarchist, because I have ascertained that the Anarchist ideal is consistent with my own feeling. Amongst Anarchists alone have I found good and sincere men, who know how to fight for the sake of the workers.

I also began to do Anarchist propaganda, and did not delay in passing on to action. I have not been long in France, but in this short time I have seen that all governments are alike. I have seen the poor miners of the North, who struck because they did not earn enough to support their families, and after more than three months of struggle they were forced by hunger to return to work on the old terms; but the Government did not care at all for these thousands of workers, because it was engaged in preparing festivals for the Franco-Russian alliance in Paris, Toulon and Marseilles.

It was said that millions of francs must be obtained by new taxes for these festivities; and the men who have sold their conscience to the bourgeoisie—that is to say, the journalists—wrote many articles in order to demonstrate that the alliance between France and Russia would be very profitable for the workers. And yet we poor workers are always in the same wretched condition, and have to pay the expenses of the festivities of governments. Still, when we ask work and bread,

we are shot down, as were the miners of the North, the peasants of Sicily, and many others.

Not long ago, Vaillant threw a bomb in the Chamber of Deputies to protest against the present system of society. He killed no one, only wounded some persons; yet the bourgeois justice sentenced him to death. And not satisfied with the condemnation of the guilty man, they began to pursue the Anarchists and arrest not only those who had known Vaillant, but even those who had merely been present at any Anarchist lecture.

The Government did not think of their wives and children. It did not consider that the men kept in prison were not the only ones who suffered, and that their little ones cried for bread. Bourgeois justice did not trouble itself about these innocent ones, who do not yet know what society is. It is no fault of theirs that their fathers are in prison: they only want to eat.

The Government went on searching private houses, opening private letters, forbidding lectures and meetings, and practising the most infamous oppressions against us.

Even now, hundreds of Anarchists are arrested for having written an article in a newspaper or for having expressed an opinion in public.

Why, if the governments use against us guns, chains and prisons, should we Anarchists, who have to defend our lives, remain skulking at home? Should we renounce our idea, which is the truth? No; on the contrary, we will answer those governments with dynamite, bombs, and daggers.

In one word, we must do all we can to destroy the bourgeoisie and the governments.

Emile Henry threw a bomb in a restaurant; I avenged myself with a poniard.

Gentlemen of the Jury, you are the representatives of bourgeois society; if you want my head take it; but do not believe that in so doing you will stop the Anarchist propaganda. Take care, for men reap what they have sown.

The governments have begun to make martyrs: they have garrotted in Xeres, hanged in Chicago, shot in Barcelona, guillotined in Paris. The last words the victims pronounced in the moment of their execution were: "Death to the bourgeoisie!"

These words have crossed the seas and the mountains; they have penetrated into the towns, into the villages, into the homes of millions of workers.

The workers, until now, have suffered themselves to be led by ambitious men, who try to rule them by means of associations, trade unions, syndicates and other impostures, in order to be elected as Deputies or



Councillors and so live without working.

But now, at last, it is recognised that only the violent Revolution against the bourgeois system can help the workers.

When the Revolution has taken place, the workers will no longer commit suicide through misery; they will suffer no more by years and years of imprisonment; they will be hanged, shot, garrotted, guillotined no more. For the bourgeoisie, the kings, the presidents, the ministers, the senators, the deputies, the judges of assize courts and police magistrates will have perished beneath the people's barricade in the blaze of the Social Revolution!

## REWARD & PUNISHMENT.

Being a speech made before the Court in Paris by our comrade George Etievant, who was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for being concerned in the robbery of dynamite cartridges.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I wish to make a few remarks as to my position here at the bar on trial, and to yours, gentlemen of the jury, as my judges. I want to say that our ideas are so different that we should at least make the attempt to comprehend the forces that have influenced and controlled us both. We are not born into the world with any preconceptions; no ideas are innate in us. They came to us by means of our senses, through the environment in which we lived.

So true is this, that if we are devoid of a sense we cannot form any conception of the sensations resulting in that sense. For instance, a person blind from birth can have no idea of the variety of colour, because he is devoid of the faculty required for perceiving the colour of objects. Besides, according to the abilities with which we are born, we possess, in a greater or less degree, in one line of thought or another, a power of assimilation arising from the greater or less degree of receptivity which we possess on that subject. Thus, for instance, some learn with ease mathematics, whilst others show a great aptitude for languages. This power of assimilation which we possess can be developed in each of us to an extent varying *ad infinitum*, by means of the multiplicity of analagous sensations which we receive.

But just as, if we use our arms almost exclusively, they will acquire greater strength to the detriment of our other limbs or sections of our body, they will become more apt to fulfil their office in proportion as our other limbs become less so, even so the more our power of assimilation exercises itself in consequence of the multiplicity of analagous sensations produced by one line of thought, all the more, relatively to the whole of our faculties, shall we resist the assimilation of ideas derived from an adverse line of thought. Thus it is that, if we have come to consider one sort of thing or idea true and good, we shall be shocked at all contrary ideas and oppose a great power of resistance to their



assimilation, although to another they may appear so natural and so just that we cannot in good faith understand how one can think otherwise. Every day we see examples of this, and I do not think any one will seriously deny its truth. This fact once formulated and admitted, as each act is the result of one or several ideas, it becomes evident that in order to judge a man, in order to understand the responsibility of the individual in the accomplishment of a deed, we must be able to know each of the sensations which have led to the accomplishment of that deed, appreciate their intensity, know the power of assimilation or force of resistance which each of them has encountered in him, as well as the time during which he has been under the influence first of each of them, then of several, and last of all.

Now who can give you the faculty of perceiving and feeling what others perceive and feel or have perceived and felt? How can you judge an individual if you can not know precisely the causes which have determined his act? And how can you get to know all these causes as well as their relationship to each other, if you cannot penetrate the hidden workings of his brain and indentify yourself with him so as to know perfectly his inner self? But in order to do that it would be necessary to understand his disposition better than one often understands one's own, much more than this: it would be necessary to have a similar disposition, to subject oneself to the same influences, to live in the same environment for the same period, for that would be the only way to become aware of the number and strength of the influences of that environment when compared with the power of assimilation which those influences have encountered in the individual.

It is thus impossible to judge our fellow creatures, as it is impossible for us to know precisely the influences which they obey and the strength of the sensations which determine their acts when compared with their power of assimilation or their forces of resistance. But if this impossibility did not exist we should, at the most, only be able to appreciate exactly the various influences which they obeyed, their mutual relationship, the greater or lesser power of submitting themselves to these influences; but, for all that, we should not be able to judge of their responsibility in the accomplishment of an act, for this good and great reason that responsibility does not exist.

To understand well the non-existence of responsibility, it suffices to consider the various intellectual faculties displayed in man. For responsibility to exist it would be necessary that the will should determine the sensations, just as these determine the thought and that determines the act. But, on the contrary, it is the sensations which determine the will, which give rise to it in us, and which direct it. For will is only the desire which we have to accomplish something destined to satisfy

one of our needs, that is to say, to obtain a pleasurable sensation, to avoid a painful sensation; consequently we must feel or have felt these sensations in order that *will* may rise in us. And will, created in us by the sensations, can only be changed by new sensations; that is to say, it can only take a new direction, pursue a different object, if new sensations give rise in us to a new line of thought or modify our former line of thought. This has been recognised in all ages: you yourselves tactically acknowledge it; for, after all, do you not hear pleaded before you the case for the prosecution and the defence, that new sensations, reaching you through the sense of hearing, can give rise in you to a will to act in one way or another, or modify your former will? But as I said in the beginning, if one is accustomed, in consequence of a long succession of analogous sensations, to consider one idea good and just, all contrary ideas will shock us, and we shall present a great force of resistance of the assimilation of them.

It is for this reason that old people adopt with difficulty new ideas because, in the course of their existence, they have been subjected to a number of sensations arising from the environment in which they have lived, which have led them to consider as good ideas those which are in accordance with the generally accepted idea of right and wrong prevailing in that environment. It is for this same reason that the conception of justice and injustice has constantly varied in the course of centuries, that to-day it varies greatly in different countries, in different nations, and even in different men; and, as these diverse conceptions can only be *relatively* good and just, we must conclude that a great portion, if not the whole, of mankind are still at fault on this subject. This also explains to us why an argument which will convince one man will leave another unmoved.

But, whichever happens, he who is struck by an argument will be unable to prevent his will being influenced by it in some direction; and he whom the argument has left unmoved will be unable to prevent his will from remaining in the same condition as before; consequently, the one will be unable to prevent himself from acting in one way, the other in a contrary way—unless new sensations should intervene to modify their will.

Although it may sound like a paradox we perform no act, good or bad, no matter how insignificant it may be, which we are not forced to perform, since every act is the result of the relationship which exists between one or more sensations arising from the environment in which we live and the greater or lesser power of assimilation which they may encounter in us. Then, since we cannot be responsible for the greater or lesser power of assimilation which we possess with regard to some order of sensations, nor for the existence or non-existence of influences



arising from the environment in which we live and for the sensations which result from it, any more than for their relationship to each other, or for our greater or lesser respective faculty or force of resistance; neither can we be responsible for the result of this relationship, since it is not only independent of our will but, in fact, determines our will. Thus any judicial act is impossible, and punishment and reward are alike unjust, however slight they may be, and however great may be the good or evil of the deed.

One cannot thus judge men or even their acts, without a sufficient criterion, and this criterion does not exist; at any rate it cannot be found in law, for true justice is unchangeable and laws change. It is with laws as with every thing else. If laws are good, why deputies and senators to change them? And if they are bad, why magistrates to apply them?

By the mere fact of being born every human being has a right to live, labour, and be happy. This right of circulating freely in space—the earth under one's feet, the sky above one's head, the sunlight in one's eyes, the air in one's lungs—this primordial right, this imprescriptible and natural right anterior to all others, is to-day denied to millions of human beings.

These millions of disinherited, from whom the rich have taken the earth (the common mother), cannot take a step to the right or left, cannot eat or sleep, cannot, in one word, give free play to their organs, cannot satisfy their needs and live without the permission of other men; their life is always precarious, at the mercy of the caprice of those who have become their masters. They cannot circulate in the great domain of humanity without encountering barriers at every step, without being stopped by these words: "Don't go into that field, it is So-and-so's; don't go into this wood, it belongs to this one; don't pick this fruit, don't catch those fish, they belong to that one."

And if they ask, "Why—then, what have we got?" they will be answered, "Nothing! you have nothing." And already, whilst still quite small, their brains are so fashioned by religion and law that they may accept, without murmuring, this outrageous injustice.

The earth revolves round the sun and presents, alternately, each of its sides to the vivifying influence of that star, but this great revolution is not made for the equal benefit of all human creatures; for the earth belongs to some and not to others, men have bought it with their gold and silver. But by what subterfuge has this been accomplished, since gold and silver are contained in the earth with other metals?

How is it that a part can equal in volume the whole?

How is it that, after buying the earth with their gold, they still possess that gold?—*Mystery!*

Nor can they have bought, or inherited from their fathers, those immense forests, buried for millions of centuries by geological revolutions; because at that time there was no human being on the earth. Nevertheless it belongs to them; for all, from the depths of the earth and the bottom of the oceans to the highest summits of the great mountains,—all belongs to them. Forests formerly grew so that this man might give a dowry to his daughter; geological revolutions took place so that that man might give a palace to his mistress; and it was in order that they might drink champagne that those forests were slowly converted into coal.

But if the disinherited should ask: "What shall we do to live if we have a right to nothing?" they are told: "Console yourselves; the possessors are worthy men and, provided you are good, provided you obey all their wishes, they will allow you to live, in return for which you must till their fields, make their clothes, build their houses, shear their sheep, prune their trees, construct machinery, make books,—in short, provide all those physical and intellectual pleasures to which they alone have a right. If the rich are kind enough to let you eat their bread and drink their water you must thank them warmly, for your lives belong to them, as well as everything else."

You have no right to live unless it be with their permission, and on condition that you work for them. They will direct you, they will watch you work, they will enjoy the fruits of your toil; for it is their due. All that you may require for your work belongs to them also. While they, born at the same time as you, shall pass their lives commanding, all your lifetime you must obey. Whilst they are able to rest in the shade of trees, poetise on the murmur of rivulets, strengthen their muscles in the water of the sea, seek health at thermal springs, enjoy the splendid views from the height of mountains, enter into possession of the conquests of human intellect and thus converse with those powerful sowers of ideas, those indefatigable seekers of the Beyond, you, when hardly grown out of your first childhood, slaves from birth, you must begin to drag your burden of misery; you must produce, that others may consume; work, that others may be idle; die at your task, that others may live in joy.

Whilst they are able to traverse the earth in all directions, to enjoy all horizons, to live in constant communion with Nature, and to seek at the inexhaustible source of poetry the most refined and sweet sensations that can thrill a human being, you shall have for all your horizon the four walls of your hovels, of your workshops, of the penal settlement or the prison; a mere human machine whose life consists in one act indefinitely repeated, you must recommence each day the task of yes-



terday, until some wheel breaks in you, or, worn out and old, you are cast into the gutter as unable to provide them with sufficient returns.

Woe to you if illness should cast you down—if, young or old, you should be too weak produce at the good pleasure of the possessing classes! Woe to you if you should find no one to whom you may prostitute your brain, your arm, your body!—you will fall from abyss to abyss; they will make a crime of your rags, a reproach of your pangs of hunger: the whole of society will hurl anathemas against you, and Authority intervening, law in hand, will cry after you: "Woe to the homeless! woe to those with no roof to shelter them! woe to him who has not a bed on which to rest his weary limbs! woe to him who dares to be hungry when others have overfed! woe to him who is cold when others are warm! woe to vagabonds! woe to the vanquished!" Law will strike them for daring to have nothing while others have all. "It is just," says Law. "It is a crime!" say we: "it must not be, it must cease to exist; for it is unjust."

Too long have men accepted as a moral law the expression of the will of the few and powerful; too long has the wickedness of some found accomplices in the ignorance and cowardice of others; too long have men been deaf to the voice of reason, justice and Nature; too long have they accepted lies as truth! And here is the truth: What is life but a perpetual process of assimilation and dispersion which incorporates with the human being molecules of matter in diverse forms and then soon snatches them away to combine them anew in a thousand different ways; a perpetual process of action and reaction between the individual and his surrounding natural environment, which is composed of all that is not himself: such is life! All things animate and inanimate perpetually tend, by their continuous action, to the absorption of the individual, to the dissolution of his identity, to his death.

Nature only fashions new from old; she always destroys to create; she brings life out of death, and she has to kill what is to give birth to what shall be. Thus life is only possible for the individual through perpetual reaction between himself and the totality of things which surround him. He can only live on condition of combating the decomposition which all things subject him to, by assimilating to himself new molecules which, in his turn, he must borrow from everything.

And, indeed, all animate objects, at whatever stage of organization they may be, from zoophytes to men, are provided with the requisite faculties for combating the decomposition of their organisms by incorporating in themselves new elements borrowed from the environment in which they live. All are provided with more or less perfect organs designed to prevent the presence of causes likely to bring about too

swift a decomposition. All are provided with organs enabling them to fight against the disorganizing influence of the elements.

Why should they be provided with these organs if they are not to use them—if it is not right for them to make use of them?

Let the one side cease to deny the other the right to life and happiness, and prostitution and murder will disappear; for all are born equally free and good. It is the social laws which make men bad and unjust, slaves or masters, robbed and robbers, murderers or victims. Every man is an independent autonomous being, that is why the independence of each should be respected. Every attempt against natural liberty, every enforced restraint, is a crime which calls for revolt.

I am well aware that my argument bears no resemblance to the political economy taught by M. Leroy-Beaulieu, nor to the morality of Malthus, nor to the Christian Socialism of Leo XIII.; who preaches the renunciation of riches while himself surrounded by wealth, and humility while proclaiming himself the first of all men. I am well aware that that this natural philosophy runs counter to all generally accepted ideas, be they religious, moral, or political. But its ultimate victory is assured for it is superior to all other philosophical theory, to all other moral conception, for it vindicates no right for some which it does not equally vindicate for others; and it means true equality, it implies justice. It does not bend before either time or environment—and does not proclaim the same action both good and bad.

It has nothing in common with that double-faced morality common among men now-a-days which decides an action to be good or bad according to the latitude or longitude in which it is performed.

For instance it does not proclaim that it is sometimes atrocious and sometimes sublime to seize a thing and leave behind the corpse of its former owner. Atrocious if it takes place in the neighbourhood of Paris, sublime if it takes place in the neighbourhood of Havre or Berlin. And as it does not admit of either punishment or reward, it does not call for the guillotine on the one hand, or an apotheosis on the other. In place of all the innumerable and ever-changing moral laws invented by some to enslave others, and proving their frailty by their very number and instability, it substitutes natural justice, the immutable law of good and evil, which is the work of no man but results from the internal organization of each. The good is that which is good for us, which procures for us pleasurable sensations, and as it is these sensations which determine our will, the good is that which we desire; evil is that which is bad for us, that which gives us painful sensations, it is that which we do not desire. "Do as you wish," is the only law which our justice recognizes; for it proclaims the liberty of each in the equality of all,



Those who think that none would work unless obliged to, forget that inaction is death—that we have energies to expend so as to renew them continuously, and that health and happiness can only be preserved on the condition of activity—that as none wish to be unhappy and ill, all will have to use their organs so as to enjoy all their faculties; for a faculty which is not used does not exist, and that means one source of happiness the less in the life of the individual.

To-morrow as to-day, as yesterday, men will wish to be happy; they will always expend their energy, they will always work; but as the work of all will be productive of social wealth, the happiness of all and each will be augmented thereby and thus each will be able to enjoy the luxury he has a right to; for there is no such thing as the superfluous, and all that can exist is necessary.

Man is not only a stomach, he has also a brain; he requires books, pictures, statues, music, poetry, just as he requires bread, air and sunlight; but, just as in his consumption he must only be limited by his power of consumption, so, in his production, he must only be limited by his power of production, and as he consumes according to his needs he must produce according to his capacity. Now who can know his needs better than himself? Who can know his capacity better than himself? No one: consequently man must produce and consume according to his own will.

Humanity has always had the latent knowledge that it could only be happy and that all the beautiful qualities of human nature would only be able to expand under Communism.

Thus the golden age of the ancients was based on common property, and it never occurred to the choicest natures who have poetised the past that the happiness of man was compatible with private property. They knew by intuition or experience that all the evils and vices of humanity arise from the antagonism of interests created by individual appropriation unlimited by needs, and they never dreamt of a society without wars, without murders, without prostitution, without crime and without vice, which was not also without property-owners.

It is because we wish for no more wars, no murders, no prostitution, no vice, no crime, that we struggle for human liberty and dignity. In spite of all gags the word of truth will ring through the world, and men will thrill at its sound, they will rise at the call of Liberty to be the artisans of their own happiness. So, indeed, we are strong in our very weakness; for, whatever may happen, we shall conquer.

Our enslavement teaches men that they have a right to revolt; our imprisonment, that they have a right to freedom; and by our death they learn that they have a right to live.

Presently, when we shall return to prison and you will return to your families, superficial observers will think that we are the conquered.—An error: we are the men of the future, and you are the men of the past.

We represent to-morrow, and you yesterday; and no one has the power to prevent each minute that goes by from bringing nearer the morrow and distancing yesterday. Yesterday has always tried to bar the way of the morrow and it has always been conquered in its very victory; for the time it had passed in conquering has brought it nearer to its defeat.

It made Socrates drink the hemlock; it made Galileo recant under pain of torture; it burnt John Huss, Stephen Dolet, William of Prague, Giordano Bruno; it guillotined Hébert, Babeuf; it poisoned Blanqui; it shot Flourens and Ferré. What were the names of the judges of Socrates, of Galileo, of John Huss, of William of Prague, of Stephen Dolet, of Giordano Bruno, of Hébert, of Babeuf, of Blanqui, of Flourens, of Ferré? No one knows: they are the past; they were already dead whilst they yet lived. They have not even attained the fame of Erostrates; whilst Socrates is immortal, whilst Galileo yet lives, whilst John Huss exists, whilst William of Prague, Giordano Bruno, Stephen Dolet, Hébert, Babeuf, Blanqui, Flourens and Ferré live.

Thus we shall be happy in our misfortune, triumphant in our misery, victorious in our defeat. We shall be happy, no matter what happens; for we are certain that at the breath of the renovating idea others will be brought to the truth, other men will undertake our interrupted task and bring it to a good end; and, finally, that a day will come when the star which gilds the harvests will shine on Humanity without armies, without cannons, without frontiers, without barriers, without prisons, without magistrates, without police, without laws and without gods; free at last intellectually and physically, and men, reconciled with Nature and themselves, will at last be able to quench their thirst for justice in the universal harmony.

What matters it if the dawn of this great day be impurpled by the glow of fires; what matters it that in the morning of that day the dew be bloody? The tempest also is useful to purify the atmosphere; the sun shines more brightly after the storm.

And the glorious sun of Liberty will shine and Humanity will be happy. Then, each sheltering his individual happiness behind the universal happiness, no one will do evil; for it will be to no one's advantage to do evil.

Free man amidst enfranchised Humanity will be able to march unhindered from victory to victory for the good of all towards the unbounded infinity of his intellectual powers.



